How Much Land Does a Man Need?
By Leo Tolstoy
I
AN elder sister came to Visit her younger sister in the country. The elder was married
to a tradesman in town, the younger to a peasant in the Village. As the sisters sat over
their tea talking, the elder began to boast of the advantages of town life: saying how
comfortably they lived there, how well they dressed, what ﬁne clothes her children
wore what good things they ate and drank, and how she went to the theatre,
promenades, and entertainments.
The younger sister was piqued, and in turn disparage the life of a tradesman, and
stood up for that of a peasant.
“I would not change my way of life for yours,” said she. “We may live roughly, but
at least we are free from anxiety. You live in better style than we do but though you
often earn more than you need, you are very likely to lose all you have. You know the
proverb, ‘Loss and gain are brothers twain. ’ It often happens that people who are
wealthy one day are begging their bread the next. Our way is safer. Though a
peasant’s life is not a fat one, it is a long one. We shall never grow rich, but we shall
always have enough to eat.”
The elder sister said sneeringly:
“Enough? Yes, if you like to share with the pigs and the calves! What do you know
of elegance or manners! However much your goodman may slave, you will die as
you are living -- on a dung heap -- and your children the same.”
“Well, what of that?” replied the younger. “Of course our work is rough and coarse.
But, on the other hand, it is sure; and we need not how to anyone. But you, in your
towns, are surrounded by temptations; to-day all may be right, but to-morrow the Evil
One may tempt your husband with cards, wine, or women, and all will go to ruin.
Don’t such things happen often enough?”
Pahom, the master of the house, was lying on the top of the oven, and he listened to
the women's chatter.
“It is perfectly true,” thought he. “Busy as we are from childhood tilling mother earth,
we peasants have no time to let any nonsense settle in our heads. Our only trouble is
that we haven’t land enough. If I had plenty of land, I shouldn’t fear the Devil
himselﬂ ”
The women ﬁnished their tea, chatted a while about dress, and then cleared away the
tea-things and lay down to sleep.
But the Devil had been sitting behind the oven, and had heard all that was said. He
was pleased that the peasant’s wife had led her husband into boasting, and that he had
said that if he had plenty of land he would not fear the Devil himself.
“All right,” thought the Devil. “We will have a tussle. I'll give you land enough; and
by means of that land I will get you into my power.”
II
Close to the Village there lived a lady, a small landowner, who had an estate of about
three hundred acresM. She had always lived on good terms with the peasants, until
she engaged as her steward an old soldier, who took to burdening the people with
ﬁnes. However careful Pahom tried to be, it happened again and again that now a
horse of his got among the lady’s oats, now a cow strayed into her garden, now his
calves found their way into her meadows -- and he always had to pay a ﬁne.
Pahom paid up, but grumbled, and, going home in a temper, was rough with his
family. All through that summer, Pahom had much trouble because of this steward;
and he was even glad when winter came and the cattle had to be stabled. Though he
grudged the fodder when they could no longer graze on the pasture-land, at least he
was free from anxiety about them.
In the winter the news got about that the lady was going to sell her land, and that the
keeper of the inn on the high road was bargaining for it. When the peasants heard this
they were very much alarmed.
“Well”, thought they, “if the innkeeper gets the land, he will worry us with ﬁnes
worse than the lady’s steward. We all depend on that estate.”
So the peasants went on behalf of their Commune and asked the lady not to sell the
land to the innkeeper offering her a better price for it themselves. The lady agreed to
let them have it. Then the peasants tried to arrange for the Commune to buy the
whole estate so that it might be held by them all in common. They met twice to
discuss it, but could not settle the matter; the Evil One sowed discord among them,
and they could not agree. So they decided to buy the land individually, each
according to his means; and the lady agreed to this plan as she had to the other.
Presently Pahom heard that a neighbour of his was buying ﬁfty acres, and that the
lady had consented to accept one half in cash and to wait a year for the other half.
Pahom felt envious
“Look at that,” thought he, “the land is all being sold, and I shall get none of it.” So
he spoke to his wife.
“Other people are buying,” said he, “and we must also buy twenty acres or so. Life is
becoming impossible. That steward is simply crushing us with his ﬁnes.”
So they put their heads together and considered how they could manage to buy it.
They had one hundred roubles laid by. They sold a colt, and one half of their bees;
hired out one of their sons as a labourer, and took his wages in advance; borrowed the
rest from a brother-in-law, and so scraped together half the purchase money.
Having done this, Pahom chose out a farm of forty acres, some of it wooded, and went
to the lady to bargain for it. They came to an agreement, and he shook hands with her
upon it, and paid her a deposit in advance. Then they went to town and signed the
deeds; he paying half the price down, and undertaking to pay the remainder within
two years.
So now Pahom had land of his own. He borrowed seed, and sowed it on the land he
had bought. The harvest was a good one, and within a year he had managed to pay off
his debts both to the lady and to his brother-in-law. So he became a landowner,
ploughing and sowing his own land, making hay on his own land, cutting his own
trees, and feeding his cattle on his own pasture. When he went out to plough his
ﬁelds, or to look at his growing corn, or at his grass-meadows, his heart would ﬁll
with joy. The grass that grew and the ﬂowers that bloomed there, seemed to him
unlike any that grew elsewhere. Formerly, when he had passed by that land it had
appeared the same as any other land, but now it seemed quite different.
III
So Pahom was well-contented, and everything would have been right if the
neighbouring peasants would only not have trespassed on his com-ﬁelds and
meadows. He appealed to them most civilly, but they still went on: now the
Communal herdsmen would let the Village cows stray into his meadows; then horses
from the night pasture would get among his corn. Pahom turned them out again and
again, and forgave their owners, and for a long time he forbore from prosecuting any
one. But at last he lost patience and complained to the District Court. He knew it was
the peasants’ want of land, and no evil intent on their part, that caused the trouble; but
he thought: “I cannot go on overlooking it, or they will destroy all I have. They must
be taught a lesson.”
So he had them up, gave them one lesson, and then another, and two or three of the
peasants were ﬁned. After a time Pahom's neighbours began to bear him a grudge for
this, and would now and then let their cattle on to his land on purpose. One peasant
even got into Pahom's wood at night and cut down ﬁve young lime trees for their
bark. Pahom passing through the wood one day noticed something white. He came
nearer, and saw the stripped trunks lying on the ground, and close by stood the
stumps, where the trees had been. Pahom was furious.
“If he had only cut one here and there it would have been bad enough,” thought
Pahom, “but the rascal has actually out down a whole clump. If I could only ﬁnd out
who did this, I would pay him out.”
He racked his brains as to who it could be. Finally he decided: “It must be Simon --
no one else could have done it.” So he went to Simon's homestead to have a look
round, but he found nothing, and only had an angry scene. However, he now felt
more certain than ever that Simon had done it, and he lodged a complaint. Simon was
summoned. The case was tried, and re-tried, and at the end of it all Simon was
acquitted, there being no evidence against him. Pahom felt still more aggrieved, and
let his anger loose upon the Elder and the Judges.
“You let thieves grease your palms,” said he. “If you were honest folk yourselves,
you would not let a thief go free.”
So Pahom quarrelled with the Judges and with his neighbours. Threats to burn his
building began to be uttered. So though Pahom had more land, his place in the
Commune was much worse than before.
About this time a rumour got about that many people were moving to new parts.
“There's no need for me to leave my land,” thought Pahom. “But some of the others
might leave our Village and then there would be more room for us. I would take over
their land myself, and make my estate a bit bigger. I could then live more at ease. As
it is, I am still too cramped to be comfortable.”
One day Pahom was sitting at home, when a peasant, passing through the Village,
happened to call in. He was allowed to stay the night, and supper was given him.
Pahom had a talk with this peasant and asked him where he came from. The stranger
answered that he came from beyond the Volga, where he had been working. One
word led to another, and the man went on to say that many people were settling in
those parts. He told how some people from his Village had settled there. They had
joined the Commune, and had had twenty-ﬁve acres per man granted them. The land
was so good, he said, that the rye sown on it grew as high as a horse, and so thick that
ﬁve cuts of a sickle made a sheaf. One peasant, he said, had brought nothing with him
but his bare hands, and now he had six horses and two cows of his own.
Pahom's heart kindled with desire. He thought:
“Why should I suffer in this narrow hole, if one can live so well elsewhere? I will sell
my land and my homestead here, and with the money I will start afresh over there and
get everything new. In this crowded place one is always having trouble. But I must
ﬁrst go and ﬁnd out all about it myself.”
Towards summer he got ready and started. He went down the Volga on a steamer to
Samara, then walked another three hundred miles on foot, and at last reached the
place. It was just as the stranger had said. The peasants had plenty of land: every
man had twenty-ﬁve acres of Communal land given him for his use, and anyone who
had money could buy, besides, at two shillings an acre@ as much good freehold
land as he wanted.
Having found out all he wished to know, Pahom returned home as autumn came on,
and began selling off his belongings. He sold his land at a proﬁt, sold his homestead
and all his cattle, and withdrew from membership of the Commune. He only waited
till the spring, and then started with his family for the new settlement.
IV
As soon as Pahom and his family arrived at their new abode, he applied for admission
into the Commune of a large Village. He stood treat to the Elders, and obtained the
necessary documents. Five shares of Communal land were given him for his own and
his sons' use: that is to say -- 125 acres (not all together but in different ﬁelds) besides
the use of the Communal pasture. Pahom put up the buildings he needed, and bought
cattle. Of the Communal land alone he had three times as much as at his former
home, and the land was good com-land. He was ten times better off than he had been.
He had plenty of arable land and pasturage, and could keep as many head of cattle as
he liked.
At ﬁrst, in the bustle of building and settling down, Pahom was pleased with it all, but
when he got used to it he began to think that even here he had not enough land. The
ﬁrst year, he sowed wheat on his share of the Communal land, and had a good crop.
He wanted to go on sowing wheat, but had not enough Communal land for the
purpose, and what he had already used was not available; for in those parts wheat is
only sown on Virgin soil or on fallow land. It is sown for one or two years, and then
the land lies fallow till it is again overgrown with prairie grass. There were many who
wanted such land, and there was not enough for all; so that people quarrelled about it.
Those who were better off, wanted it for growing wheat, and those who were poor,
wanted it to let to dealers, so that they might raise money to pay their taxes. Pahom
wanted to sow more wheat; so he rented land from a dealer for a year. He sowed
much wheat and had a ﬁne crop, but the land was too far from the Village -- the wheat
had to be carted more than ten miles. After a time Pahom noticed that some peasant-
dealers were living on separate farms, and were growing wealthy; and he thought: “If
I were to buy some freehold land, and have a homestead on it, it would be a different
thing altogether. Then it would all be nice and compact.”
The question of buying freehold land recurred to him again and again.
He went on in the same way for three years: renting land and sowing wheat. The
seasons turned out well and the crops were good, so that he began to lay money by.
He might have gone on living contentedly, but he grew tired of having to rent other
people’s land every year, and having to scramble for it. Wherever there was good
land to be had, the peasants would rush for it and it was taken up at once, so that
unless you were sharp about it you got none. It happened in the third year that he and
a dealer together rented a piece of pasture land from some peasants; and they had
already ploughed it up, when there was some dispute, and the peasants went to law
about it, and things fell out so that the labour was all lost.
“If it were my own land,” thought Pahom, “I should be independent, and there would
not be all this unpleasantness.”
So Pahom began looking out for land which he could buy; and he came across a
peasant who had bought thirteen hundred acres, but having got into difﬁculties was
willing to sell again cheap. Pahom bargained and haggled with him, and at last they
settled the price at 1,500 roubles, part in cash and part to be paid later. They had all
but clinched the matter, when a passing dealer happened to stop at Pahom’s one day to
get a feed for his horses. He drank tea with Pahom, and they had a talk. The dealer
said that he was just returning from the land of the Bashkirs, far away, where he had
bought thirteen thousand acres of land, all for 1,000 roubles. Pahom questioned him
further, and the tradesman said: “All one need do is to make friends with the chiefs. I
gave away about one hundred roubles, worth of dressing-gowns and carpets, besides a
case of tea, and I gave wine to those who would drink it; and I got the land for less
than twopence an acreﬂ.” And he showed Pahom the title-deeds, saying: “The
land lies near a river, and the whole prairie is Virgin soil.”
Pahom plied him with questions, and the tradesman said: “There is more land there
than you could cover if you walked a year, and it all belongs to the Bashkirs. They
are as simple as sheep, and land can be got almost for nothing.”
“There now,” thought Pahom, “with my one thousand roubles, why should I get only
thirteen hundred acres, and saddle myself with a debt besides. If I take it out there, I
can get more than ten times as much for the money.”
V
Pahom inquired how to get to the place, and as soon as the tradesman had left him, he
prepared to go there himself. He left his wife to look after the homestead, and started
on his journey taking his man with him. They stopped at a town on their way, and
bought a case of tea, some wine, and other presents, as the tradesman had advised. On
and on they went until they had gone more than three hundred miles, and on the
seventh day they came to a place where the Bashkirs had pitched their tents. It was all
just as the tradesman had said. The people lived on the steppes, by a river, in felt-
covered tents[Ql. They neither tilled the ground, nor ate bread. Their cattle and
horses grazed in herds on the steppe. The colts were tethered behind the tents, and the
mares were driven to them twice a day. The mares were milked, and from the milk
kumiss was made. It was the women who prepared kumiss, and they also made
cheese. As far as the men were concerned, drinking kumiss and tea, eating mutton,
and playing on their pipes, was all they cared about. They were all stout and merry,
and all the summer long they never thought of doing any work. They were quite
ignorant, and knew no Russian, but were good-natured enough.
As soon as they saw Pahom, they came out of their tents and gathered round their
Visitor. An interpreter was found, and Pahom told them he had come about some
land. The Bashkirs seemed very glad they took Pahom and led him into one of the
best tents, where they made him sit on some down cushions placed on a carpet, while
they sat round him. They gave him tea and kumiss, and had a sheep killed, and gave
him mutton to eat. Pahom took presents out of his cart and distributed them among
the Bashkirs, and divided amongst them the tea. The Bashkirs were delighted. They
talked a great deal among themselves, and then told the interpreter to translate.
“They wish to tell you,” said the interpreter, “that they like you, and that it is our
custom to do all we can to please a guest and to repay him for his gifts. You have
given us presents, now tell us which of the things we possess please you best, that we
may present them to you.”
“What pleases me best here,” answered Pahom “is your land. Our land is crowded,
and the soil is exhausted; but you have plenty of land and it is good land. I never saw
the like of it.”
The interpreter translated. The Bashkirs talked among themselves for a while. Pahom
could not understand what they were saying, but saw that they were much amused,
and that they shouted and laughed. Then they were silent and looked at Pahom while
the interpreter said: “They wish me to tell you that in return for your presents they
will gladly give you as much land as you want. You have only to point it out with
your hand and it is yours.”
The Bashkirs talked again for a while and began to dispute. Pahom asked what they
were disputing about, and the interpreter told him that some of them thought they
ought to ask their Chief about the land and not act in his absence, while others thought
there was no need to wait for his return.
VI
While the Bashkirs were disputing, a man in a large fox-fur cap appeared on the
scene. They all became silent and rose to their feet. The interpreter said, “This is our
Chief himself.”
Pahom immediately fetched the best dressing-gown and ﬁve pounds of tea, and
offered these to the Chief. The Chief accepted them, and seated himself in the place
of honour. The Bashkirs at once began telling him something. The Chief listened for
a while, then made a sign with his head for them to be silent, and addressing himself
to Pahom, said in Russian: “Well, let it be so. Choose whatever piece of land you
like; we have plenty of it.”
“How can I take as much as I like?” thought Pahom. “I must get a deed to make it
secure, or else they may say, ‘It is yours,’ and afterwards may take it away again.”
“Thank you for your kind words,” he said aloud. “You have much land, and I only
want a little. But I should like to be sure which bit is mine. Could it not be measured
and made over to me? Life and death are in God's hands. You good people give it to
me, but your children might wish to take it away again.”
“You are quite right,” said the Chief. “We will make it over to you.”
“I heard that a dealer had been here,” continued Pahom, “and that you gave him a
little land, too, and signed title-deeds to that effect. I should like to have it done in the
same way.”
The Chief understood.
“Yes,” replied he, “that can be done quite easily. We have a scribe, and we will go to
town with you and have the deed properly sealed.”
“And what will be the price?” asked Pahom.
“Our price is always the same: one thousand roubles a day.”
Pahom did not understand.
“A day? What measure is that? How many acres would that be?”
“We do not know how to reckon it out,” said the Chief. “We sell it by the day. As
much as you can go round on your feet in a day is yours, and the price is one thousand
roubles a day.”
Pahom was surprised.
“But in a day you can get round a large tract of land,” he said.
The Chief laughed.
“It will all be yours! ” said he. “But there is one condition: If you don't return on the
same day to the spot whence you started, your money is lost.”
“But how am I to mark the way that I have gone?”
“Why, we shall go to any spot you like, and stay there. You must start from that spot
and make your round, taking a spade with you. Wherever you think necessary, make
a mark. At every turning, dig a hole and pile up the turf; then afterwards we will go
round with a plough from hole to hole. You may make as large a circuit as you
please, but before the sun sets you must return to the place you started from. All the
land you cover will be yours.”
Pahom was delighted. It was decided to start early next morning. They talked a
while, and after drinking some more kumiss and eating some more mutton, they had
tea again, and then the night came on. They gave Pahom a feather-bed to sleep on,
and the Bashkirs dispersed for the night, promising to assemble the next morning at
daybreak and ride out before sunrise to the appointed spot.
VII
Pahom lay on the feather-bed, but could not sleep. He kept thinking about the land.
“What a large tract I will mark ofﬂ” thought he. “I can easily do thirty-ﬁve miles in a
day. The days are long now, and within a circuit of thirty-ﬁve miles what a lot of land
there will be! I will sell the poorer land, or let it to peasants, but I'll pick out the best
and farm it. I will buy two ox—teams, and hire two more labourers. About a hundred
and ﬁfty acres shall be plough-land, and I will pasture cattle on the rest.”
Pahom lay awake all night, and dozed off only just before dawn. Hardly were his
eyes closed when he had a dream. He thought he was lying in that same tent, and
heard somebody chuckling outside. He wondered who it could be, and rose and went
out and he saw the Bashkir Chief sitting in front of the tent holding his sides and
rolling about with laughter. Going nearer to the Chief, Pahom asked: “What are you
laughing at?” But he saw that it was no longer the Chief, but the dealer who had
recently stopped at his house and had told him about the land. Just as Pahom was
going to ask, “Have you been here long?” he saw that it was not the dealer, but the
peasant who had come up from the Volga, long ago, to Pahom's old home. Then he
saw that it was not the peasant either, but the Devil himself with hoofs and horns
sitting there and chuckling, and before him lay a man barefoot, prostrate on the
ground, with only trousers and a shirt on. And Pahom dreamt that he looked more
attentively to see what sort of a man it was that was lying there, and he saw that the
man was dead and that it was himselﬂ He awoke horror-struck.
“What things one does dream,” thought he.
Looking round he saw through the open door that the dawn was breaking.
“It's time to wake them up,” thought he. “We ought to be starting.”
He got up, roused his man (who was sleeping in his cart), bade him harness; and went
to call the Bashkirs.
“It's time to go to the steppe to measure the land,” he said.
The Bashkirs rose and assembled, and the Chief came too. Then they began drinking
kumiss again, and offered Pahom some tea, but he would not wait.
“If we are to go, let us go. It is high time,” said he.
VIII
The Bashkirs got ready and they all started: some mounted on horses, and some in
carts. Pahom drove in his own small cart with his servant, and took a spade with him.
When they reached the steppe, the morning red was beginning to kindle. They
ascended a hillock (called by the Bashkirs a shikhcm) and dismounting from their carts
and their horses, gathered in one spot. The Chief came up to Pahom and stretching
out his arm towards the plain: “See,” said he, “all this, as far as your eye can reach, is
ours. You may have any part of it you like.”
Pahom’s eyes glistened: it was all virgin soil, as ﬂat as the palm of your hand, as
black as the seed of a poppy, and in the hollows different kinds of grasses grew breast
high.
The Chief took off his fox-fur cap, placed it on the ground and said: “This will be the
mark. Start from here, and return here again. All the land you go round shall be
yours.”
Pahom took out his money and put it on the cap. Then he took off his outer coat,
remaining in his sleeveless under-coat. He unfastened his girdle and tied it tight
below his stomach, put a little bag of bread into the breast of his coat, and tying a
ﬂask of water to his girdle, he drew up the tops of his boots, took the spade from his
man, and stood ready to start. He considered for some moments which way he had
better go -- it was tempting everywhere.
“No matter,” he concluded, “I will go towards the rising sun.”
He turned his face to the east, stretched himself and waited for the sun to appear
above the rim.
“I must lose no time,” he thought, “and it is easier walking while it is still cool.”
The sun's rays had hardly ﬂashed above the horizon, before Pahom, carrying the spade
over his shoulder went down into the steppe.
Pahom started walking neither slowly nor quickly. After having gone a thousand
yards he stopped, dug a hole, and placed pieces of turf one on another to make it more
visible. Then he went on; and now that he had walked off his stifﬁiess he quickened
his pace. After a while he dug another hole.
Pahom looked back. The hillock could be distinctly seen in the sunlight, with the
people on it, and the glittering tyres of the cart-wheels. At a rough guess Pahom
concluded that he had walked three miles. It was growing warmer; he took off his
under-coat, ﬂung it across his shoulder, and went on again. It had grown quite warm
now; he looked at the sun, it was time to think of breakfast.
“The ﬁrst shift is done, but there are four in a day, and it is too soon yet to turn. But I
will just take off my boots,” said he to himself.
He sat down, took off his boots, stuck them into his girdle, and went on. It was easy
walking now.
“I will go on for another three miles,” thought he, “and then turn to the left. This spot
is so ﬁne, that it would be a pity to lose it. The further one goes, the better the land
seems.”
He went straight on for a while, and when he looked round, the hillock was scarcely
visible and the people on it looked like black ants, and he could just see something
glistening there in the sun.
“Ah,” thought Pahom, “I have gone far enough in this direction, it is time to turn.
Besides I am in a regular sweat, and very thirsty.”
He stopped, dug a large hole, and heaped up pieces of turf. Next he untied his ﬂask,
had a drink, and then turned sharply to the left. He went on and on; the grass was
high, and it was very hot.
Pahom began to grow tired: he looked at the sun and saw that it was noon.
“Well,” he thought, “I must have a rest.”
He sat down, and ate some bread and drank some water; but he did not lie down,
thinking that if he did he might fall asleep. After sitting a little while, he went on
again. At ﬁrst he walked easily: the food had strengthened him; but it had become
terribly hot, and he felt sleepy; still he went on, thinking: “An hour to suffer, a life-
time to live.”
He went a long way in this direction also, and was about to turn to the left again, when
he perceived a damp hollow: “It would be a pity to leave that out,” he thought. “Flax
would do well there.” So he went on past the hollow, and dug a hole on the other side
of it before he turned the comer. Pahom looked towards the hillock. The heat made
the air hazy: it seemed to be quivering, and through the haze the people on the hillock
could scarcely be seen.
“Ah!” thought Pahom, “I have made the sides too long; I must make this one shorter.”
And he went along the third side stepping faster. He looked at the sun: it was nearly
half way to the horizon, and he had not yet done two miles of the third side of the
square. He was still ten miles from the goal.
“No,” he thought, “though it will make my land lop-sided, I must hurry back in a
straight line now. I might go too far, and as it is I have a great deal of land.”
So Pahom hurriedly dug a hole, and turned straight towards the hillock.
IX
Pahom went straight towards the hillock, but he now walked with difﬁculty. He was
done up with the heat, his bare feet were cut and bruised, and his legs began to fail.
He longed to rest, but it was impossible if he meant to get back before sunset. The
sun waits for no man, and it was sinking lower and lower.
“Oh dear,” he thought, “if only I have not blundered trying for too much! What if I
am too late?”
He looked towards the hillock and at the sun. He was still far from his goal, and the
sun was already near the rim.
Pahom walked on and on; it was very hard walking, but he went quicker and quicker.
He pressed on, but was still far from the place. He began running, threw away his
coat, his boots, his ﬂask, and his cap, and kept only the spade which he used as a
support.
“What shall I do,” he thought again, “I have grasped too much, and ruined the whole
affair. I can't get there before the sun sets.”
And this fear made him still more breathless. Pahom went on running, his soaking
shirt and trousers stuck to him, and his mouth was parched. His breast was working
like a blacksmith’s bellows, his heart was beating like a hammer, and his legs were
giving way as if they did not belong to him. Pahom was seized with terror lest he
should die of the strain.
Though afraid of death, he could not stop. “After having run all that way they will
call me a fool if I stop now,” thought he. And he ran on and on, and drew near and
heard the Bashkirs yelling and shouting to him, and their cries inﬂamed his heart still
more. He gathered his last strength and ran on.
The sun was close to the rim, and cloaked in mist looked large, and red as blood.
Now, yes now, it was about to set! The sun was quite low, but he was also quite near
his aim. Pahom could already see the people on the hillock waving their arms to
hurry him up. He could see the fox-fur cap on the ground, and the money on it, and
the Chief sitting on the ground holding his sides. And Pahom remembered his dream.
“There is plenty of land,” thought he, “but will God let me live on it? I have lost my
life, I have lost my life! I shall never reach that spot! ”
Pahom looked at the sun, which had reached the earth: one side of it had already
disappeared. With all his remaining strength he rushed on, bending his body forward
so that his legs could hardly follow fast enough to keep him from falling. Just as he
reached the hillock it suddenly grew dark. He looked up -- the sun had already set!
He gave a cry: “All my labour has been in vain,” thought he, and was about to stop,
but he heard the Bashkirs still shouting, and remembered that though to him, from
below, the sun seemed to have set, they on the hillock could still see it. He took a
long breath and ran up the hillock. It was still light there. He reached the top and saw
the cap. Before it sat the Chief laughing and holding his sides. Again Pahom
remembered his dream, and he uttered a cry: his legs gave way beneath him, he fell
forward and reached the cap with his hands.
“Ah, that’s a ﬁne fellow!” exclaimed the Chief. “He has gained much land!”
Pahom’s servant came running up and tried to raise him, but he saw that blood was
ﬂogging from his mouth. Pahom was dead!
The Bashkirs clicked their tongues to show their pity.
His servant picked up the spade and dug a grave long enough for Pahom to lie in, and
buried him in it. Six feet from his head to his heels was all he needed.